

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

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" Prompt to improve and to invite,  
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

## POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,  
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE "TOKEN," A NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.

### To the Sentimental.

" What is friendship but a name."

I tell not my tale to a cold and careless world. I waste not sighs upon ears that are deaf. A story of misfortune is a pearl too precious to be cast before those who would only trample upon it. It is for the tender and sympathetic ear of those whom experience has taught to contrast the bliss of friendship indulged without suspicion or alloy, with the bitterness of disappointed trust and betrayed affection.

I had the misfortune to lose both of my parents at an early age. My mother died when I was a boy, and my father followed her soon after I entered my twenty-first year. I was an only child, and without relatives; but my father committed me to the care of a friend by the name of Plum, of whom he had a high opinion, and to whom he was firmly attached. Whether my father's choice of a guardian for one whose imagination was stronger than his judgment, and whose passions were more active than his principles, was wise or not, is a question which I have to decide by the issue of my story.

The stern and strict controul of my father was no sooner withdrawn than I felt like a liberated bird. I indulged my fancy in every thing. I bought gay horses, drove dashing gigs, smoked, drank, flourished at Nahant and Saratoga, and put a gold chain about my neck, with a useless quizzing glass attached to it, and thrust into my pocket, criticised the ladies' ancles, talked lightly of female virtue, and impudently ogled every woman I met.

I was perhaps less to be blamed for these follies, as I followed the fashions of young men of my condition, and was rather abetted than restrained in my course by my guardian. At length I fell in love, and my taste became matrimonial. I worshipped a pretty girl of sixteen, and promised to marry her; but time and reflection altered my views. My goddess became an insipid girl. To put an end to my engagement, I suddenly embarked for Europe, giving it forth to be understood that I should be absent for several years. My reputation would have suffered for this and some other trifles, had not my friend Plum exerted his influence in my behalf, which he did so effec-

tually, that I was fully acquitted, and the young lady was left to unpitied mortification and contempt.

I could not think of travelling alone, so I managed to have my guardian accompany me. On my arrival at Liverpool, my ignorance of the manners and customs of England brought me into sundry awkward situations. In these cases I found the assistance of Plum to be invaluable. He settled every difficulty in a moment and always in a way peculiar to himself. —He seemed to understand England perfectly, and I afterwards learnt that he was not a stranger to other countries. I soon hurried to London. I was anxious to participate in the pleasures of the world's metropolis. The influence of Plum soon gained me admission into fashionable society. It was winter, and I was invited to an assembly at Almack's. My acquaintance enlarged, and I was soon in the full career of fashionable dissipation. My society was sought by gentlemen and ladies of the first degree. Not a few cards with noble names upon them were exhibited in my rack.

I was at a loss to account for my success. My vanity could not persuade me to impute it all to my person and address. I became inquisitive, and learned at length, to my great surprise, that it was mainly on account of my guardian, who was held in such estimation, that all who were connected with him participated in his honours. At first I was piqued by the discovery, but such is the influence of self-flattery, and such also was the adroit manner and seeming sincerity of the attentions I received, that I ceased to scrutinize the motive, and took them as if offered to me on the ground of personal merit.

But if I was blinded in regard to the honour which was reflected on myself, some remarkable instances of its influence on others did not escape me. I recollect on one occasion to have been struck with it at Almack's. In general the display of beauty there is beyond all praise. An American would say the ladies were too stout and ruddy, and too heavily dressed. But let them pass. The music had ceased for a moment, and the places where the quadrilles had a moment before been figuring were accidentally vacant. There then appeared a couple so grotesque as to put description to the blush. A thin, miserly, snuffy little man led forward the hugest woman I ever beheld. She had large lead coloured eyes, a low overhanging forehead, a conical piece of her under lip lapping over her upper one, the corners of

the mouth drawn downward, long ears standing apart from the head, a large jowl, and a figure that in despite of the London Cantellos resembled a pipe of brandy. There was a mark of monstrous vulgarity about the pair that, with now and then an exception, seemed to contrast strangely with all around them.

At the first appearance of this strange couple, there was a look of general surprise; and then a smile, and here and there an audible titter. But soon it was all hushed, and Mr. and Mrs. Fudge seemed to be honoured with particular and respectful attention.—“How is this?” said I to lady Flambeau. “Oh,” said she, “don’t you know he is a great favourite with your friend Plum?”

In short, I had not spent six months in England before I discovered that my extraordinary guardian had scarcely less influence than the prime minister. Indeed, he did that which the king himself could not have performed. The world would laugh at Sir William Curtis though George the Fourth was his companion and friend. But who could despise a favourite of Plum? His friendship was only inferior to a patent of nobility. It covered faults and magnified virtues. It even became superior to the force of nature. I once saw a very ugly young woman dancing most vilely. “She is an angel;” said one. “She dances like a fairy,” said another. “She is the particular friend of Plum,” said a third.

I left England and went to France. In Paris, my guardian seemed less at home. But here he was by no means destitute of influence. He could persuade a Frenchman to do any thing but jump into the Seine.

I set out for Italy. In crossing the Alps I was attacked by a banditti. I fought valiantly, but in vain. I was wounded, overpowered, and beat down. A swarthy villain with black mustachios planted his heavy foot upon my breast, and with his brawny arm, held his finger on the trigger of a pistol presented to my forehead. The slightest contraction of a muscle had scattered my brains in the air. At this instant Plum presented himself. He went on the principle that discretion is the better part of valour. He threw away my powder and ball, and settled the point by negotiation. It was all over in fifteen minutes. The desperado became our friend, and guided us faithfully over the mountain, and at parting gave me warm wishes of happiness.

I could tell other tales but this is enough. I returned to my country after an absence of two years, bringing my friend with me. His influence was not abated. The men sought my society, and the ladies smiled upon me for his sake. I took it all to myself indeed, and when an honest man told me that I was a fool for doing so, I became angry and bade him hold his peace. I again fell in love. I had a streak of weakness in my character which exposed me to such fantasies. I loved devotedly

and thought my passion was truly returned. “May I speak my mind freely to you?” said a candid friend. “Certainly,” said I. “The lady does not love you,” said he. “You are mistaken,” said I. “It is not you, but your friend Plum, that she is enamoured of; it is only to secure his society that she seems to favor you,” said I. “She is incapable of double dealing,” said I. “It is the fashion of the world,” said he. “Plum is a great favorite of the sex, and they will smile on the first man that brings them closest to him. You are his particular friend, and are therefore an object of regard to all the calculating mothers and daughters in town.” I felt too secure to be angry. I laughed at my friend, and turned his advice to ridicule.

But let me proceed in my story. A meddling attorney endeavored to bring about a separation between me and Plum. He was at first unsuccessful; but by trick and artifice he at length gained his point—Plum deserted me for ever. I mourned over him; “but mourning,” said I, “is vain. I am myself the same thing as before. I have lost a friend, but that is no part of myself.” I flew to my mistress. She will sympathize with me, thought I, and oh, there would be a sweetness in seeing her tears fall for my sake that would atone for my loss. But I was mistaken. She refused to see me. I was enraged. I stamped on the floor. The servant laughed, and pointed to the door. I went away, and wept in the bitterness of my heart like a very boy. I went to see some of my companions. They were cold and constrained. I visited some of the families where I was once a favorite. They were civil, but the hearty welcome of the mother and the gracious attentions of the daughters were mine no more.

I shrunk from society like a wounded beast of prey, who alone endures his throbbing pain. I cursed the heartless world, and moralized over the selfishness of those I had thought the fairest and noblest part of creation. I am still writhing with disappointment, and under its influences address this letter, partly to give vent to my gushing feelings, and partly to obtain those who have sympathy to bestow on the forlorn.

#### RIDDLE.

P. S. I warn all the world against placing confidence in the hollow hearted treacherous fellow whom I once called my friend. His name in this narrative is Plum, but he is better known by the title, CASH.

FROM THE SATURDAY EVENING CHRONICLE.

Arthur Mordington.

(Concluded.)

Viewing the character of the thoughtless Mordington through the mists that dissipation had thrown around it, he thought him unworthy of esteem; and while involuntarily pleased with the elegance of his manners, his reason condemned the partial feelings they inspired. They met at a splendid assembly, whither



Wheatly conducted a young and lovely sister. Never before had Mordington seen a form or face so striking. It was not that she was fair, for the rose and lily blended in many a cheek around her; nor that her light and airy figure was cast in nature's most exquisite proportions; many a graceful maiden was passing before him and many a step in the dance 'discoursed sweet music.' But there was something in her countenance that indicated a purity and elevation of character; there was an unimaginable light, an emanation of mind, diffused over her features. There was so much meaning in her smile, such, an expression of intellect beneath her long raven lashes; the elegant simplicity of her dress was so distinct from those, which, among the gay daughters of fashion, too often verge on licentiousness—that Mordington, the gay and confident votary of pleasure, approached her as the being of another sphere, and addressed her in language far different from that of fashionable flattery. The graces of his fine and prepossessing figure could scarcely be lost on such a being as Emma Wheatly, and she listened to his remarks with interest—they were fraught with intelligence and animation, and elicited the corresponding sentiments of his lovely auditor. The dance was deserted for the yet higher pleasures of elevated converse, and the gay scene before them was unheeded. The countenance of the ever handsome Mordington was irradiated with a yet brighter glow, and his feelings caught a higher tone from the delicate and discriminating remarks of female purity. But the high throbbings of exquisite feeling were suddenly damped. Glancing his eye over the assembly he saw the brother of Miss Wheatly regarding them with a fixed attention, while his countenance indicated uneasiness and apprehension. The next moment he approached them, and bowing to Mordington somewhat coldly informed his sister that his carriage waited, and immediately led her from the apartment. Two days after, Mordington learned that she had left the city attended by her brother, and was to spend the coming season at the house of a distant friend. He felt the stroke, but his spirit rose above it with more than answering scorn; and the friendship of the fastidious Wheatly no longer excited his solicitude.—Even the image of Emma was soon effaced from his memory, by the allurements of the faithless Claribel, or if he still remembered her, it was only as a bright but undefined vision that sometimes rests on the imagination in vague and uncertain perceptions.

Since his rigid seclusion from the world, he supposed his very name blotted from the recollection of the brother, though the rising fame of the young barrister still reached his ear. He was, however, deceived: his sudden precipitation from the sphere of wealth and splendor excited in the mind of Wheatly, a benevolent interest in his fate. He inquired

for the unfortunate Mordington, and learned that far from sinking beneath the stroke, he had retired with dignity from his former pursuits, and with an unbent spirit, was firmly treading the paths of honor and duty. He now wished to conciliate the friendship he had hitherto contemned, and anxiously sought an interview. Delicacy had, however, prevented him from intruding on the sanctuary of retirement, and he saw him enter the court with a thrill of pleasure. The warm pressure of his ready hand was rather coldly returned, and the calm haughty brow of Mordington, as he seated himself within the bar, announced a clear though quiet recollection of the past. The cause of his unfortunate client was at length called; and Wheatly rose as counsel for the defendant. Whatever might have been the sensations of Mordington at finding himself thus formidably opposed, his countenance betrayed no symptoms of apprehension and he proceeded calmly to the examination of witnesses.—They were numerous and somewhat contradictory; and in eliciting their evidence, he evinced a strong and discriminating judgment, with a deep and familiar acquaintance with the remotest bearings of his cause. Confiding in the justice of his claims, and losing all recollection of self in the deeper interests of humanity, he unconsciously shook off the paralyzing weight of youthful diffidence, and the powers of his mind were left perfectly free. A tale of iniquity was gradually and skillfully unfolded, and Mordington, in summing up the evidences, spread it before the jury in a strong and vivid light. An universal excitement in favor of the plaintiff prevailed. His dress, which bespoke extreme poverty, his countenance strongly marked with toil, the calm but evident intensity of his emotions, and the silent tear that rolled over his cheek, as Mordington reverted to the deep sufferings of penury, were well calculated to awaken a lively interest in his cause: every eye glistened and every breath was drawn in. Wheatly himself, convinced of the justice of his claims, abandoned the cause of the defendant, and his speaking eye rested on his eloquent opponent with an expression of animated approbation. The jury brought in a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, and the poor man overcome with joy and gratitude caught the hand of Mordington with fervor, and exclaiming, "my benefactor!" he sobbed deeply and audibly. "My friend!" cried Wheatly, pressing forward with eagerness, "permit me to claim you as such. I glory to find in our contemned fraternity so able an advocate of justice and humanity." The grasp of his hand was returned with energy, and the coldness of Mordington's brow vanished forever. It was a moment of sacred excitement; not the abstract exultation of victory, but the holy triumph of virtue and humanity, the high ascendancy of unearthly feeling. The elder Mordington had been a silent spectator of

the trial, and the expression of his benign features as he met the eye of his son, conveyed a language far dearer than the approving shout of the multitude. They were accompanied home by Wheatly. The mild dignity of the father had heightened the pleasure inspired by the unfolding talents of the son. As they passed some laborers, their attention was arrested by a pale and sickly looking boy who seemed sinking with fatigue. 'Charles' said Arthur, familiarly approaching him, 'you must leave your work and go home. There is good news there for you.' The boy raised his sunken eyes with a look of agonized inquiry. 'You have now,' continued Arthur, 'a home of your own.' Your sick mother and your little brothers and sisters, will hereafter have every needful comfort without your laboring beyond your failing strength: go home and rejoice with them.'—The exhausted boy let his heavy spade fall to the ground and was soon in the wretched garret, where his father, surrounded by a wretched family, was returning thanks for the power of again rendering them happy. As Mordington and his friend left this scene of affecting emotion, his eye fell on a long row of splendid buildings, but a short time since considered as his certain inheritance. "I envy not their present proprietor" he exclaimed, "had they still been mine I should never have known the pleasures of the present moment." Wheatly felt the full force of the enthusiastic sentiment. They now became united by a friendship of the most permanent nature. United to a lovely and amiable woman, who seemed but the counterpart of himself, the domestic happiness of Wheatly equalled his virtues. His house was the abode of taste, cheerfulness and harmony. The very atmosphere around it seemed purer and brighter than elsewhere; and it was here that Mordington first tasted the calm delights of genuine friendship. To a heart so deeply mocked with the corrupted fountains of this desert world, the constant and delicate attentions of disinterested regard, seemed like the gushing of waters of the smitten rock; and in the refined society of Wheatly and his gentle partner, his chilled and morbid feelings were soon restored to their native temperament—or, if somewhat chastened by experience, they were far more equable, more rational, more holy. At the house of his friend too, where only an excellent and select society were admitted, he found others who were also capable of estimating penniless worth.—With these he sometimes indulged in delightful recreations from the duties of his profession; and he felt how much dearer was the small circle of tried friends, than the crowded halls of dissipation. Meanwhile he was rapidly acquiring a respectable practice, and perspective prosperity dawned on his awakened hopes. Another trial, however, awaited him and the season of tranquillity gave place to the influence of ex-

quisite but troubled emotion. Wheatly intended, at his marriage, that his sister should become an inmate of his own roof, but the ill health of a friend with whom she then resided had hitherto prevented her removal. The duties of friendship were at length fulfilled, and Emma was presented by her brother to the astonished Mordington, in the full perfection of that loveliness, which he had only witnessed in the blush of its first unfoldings.

That vague sensation of loneliness which sometimes gathers on the heart, like sudden mildew, in the presence of those whose dearest feelings are forever consecrated to each other, was at once dispelled by the society of a being of unappropriated affection, and undevoted purity, and, if the little circle around her brother's fireside, had hitherto been the boundary of his social wishes, it now became the centre of his every thought. For a time he yielded implicitly to the impulse that led him thither; and was therefore, almost unconscious of its force. When, however, he at length found he was gradually losing all relish for other pursuits, he was at once roused to an unsinking self examination. Alas! his peace was already irretrievably wrecked, and he felt that till now he had never known the strength of genuine passion. He had long regarded his enthrallment to the faithless Claribel, as the false excitement of a feverish and high wrought imagination; and the recollections attending it come over his soul like the wild phantasma of a delirious brain, on the lucid memory of health. But the attachment which Emma Wheatly had inspired had already become a living principle of his existence, it was identified with the love of purity and virtue and destructible only when every feeling of his heart should become torpid or corrupt—Yet, while Mordington would have thought it sacrilege to struggle against a passion thus consecrated, he was conscious that, in his present situation, to seek a reciprocal attachment, would be highly dishonorable to himself and treacherous to his friend.—Bitter, indeed, was the conviction, and dreadful the task it imposed. But for his father he would have torn himself immediately from the scene of trial and buried himself in seclusion; but could he now crush the budding hopes of a parent, whose only solace in the gloom of age was the presence of his son? whose all of hope, pride, or happiness, was his rising fame. He blushed at the thought, and filial duty rose superior to every other consideration. The tide of passion, however, rolls with a fearful strength over the human soul; and while the principles of the unhappy Mordington resisted its sweeping wave, his ambition became utterly prostrate, and his whole frame soon attested its desolating force.—Three days had passed since he had last seen Emma, when the entrance of Wheatly broke the train of his reflections. "Are you sick, Mordington," exclaim-



ed his friend, as Arthur raised his burning brow from the table on which it had long rested. "Perfectly well," was the reply: "Why do you ask me?" "Perfectly well! and yet for three successive evenings we have vainly deferred our family concert, for the wonted accompaniment of our friend." Mordington hesitated what to reply; the hectic of his cheek deepened; Wheatly looked at him with a touched and changed expression, "Nay, but you are certainly ill; why then seek to deceive me? your hand is feverish, your eye bloodshot! you must have advice. Why disclaim it when so palpably an invalid?" "In truth, my dear Wheatly, you are self-deceived. I have only had a sleepless night or two: in fact I am only fatigued." "And have you then been so excessively engaged?" asked Wheatly as his eye glanced over the table where nothing but confusion was visible; "and may I ask what pressing avocations have so completely engrossed you?" "I have been performing penance," said Mordington, with a visible effort. "For sometime past my only aim, was from evening to evening, to while off the intervening hours. Now as this was certainly a most inglorious object, I thought it high time to commence a little self-denial: and ought you not to applaud rather than condemn me?" "An excellent plea," replied Wheatly, laughing, "but I should hope the penance has already expiated the offence. Mrs. Wheatly is now expecting us both to tea. I promised her to bring you home with me." The countenance of Mordington was wrought with contending emotions: "you will excuse me," he said, "to Mrs. Wheatly; tell her I am—I am—in short, I have an intolerable headache," and pressing his hands to his throbbing temples, he paced the floor in uncontrollable agitation. Wheatly fixed his penetrating eye on his friend, with anxious and doubtful expression. Mordington observed it, and suddenly pausing, his features assumed a resolute and open cast. "I owe it," he said, "to the disinterestedness of your character, to speak without reserve. I shall never voluntarily forfeit your friendship, but at present, I feel that I must renounce its most sacred privileges. Wheatly, when your too lovely sister is no longer an inmate of your roof, then, and not till then, may the pennyless Mordington resume his visits with honour, if not with happiness." "Noble and ingenuous Arthur," exclaimed his friend, "I find you every way worthy of my beloved sister. There was indeed a time, and that too when you were surrounded by wealth and splendour, when I trembled lest you should win her young and pure affections. That season is past, the rough gales of fickle fortune have dispersed the mists that then veiled your character. Talents and industry are far better security, for future competence, than present wealth. Emma's happiness can never consist in idle pageantry; she has rejected several splendid

offers, and I have sometimes thought that she still cherished the image of the fascinating partner from whom I snatched her so abruptly some years ago. If so she will cheerfully share his present obscure fortunes; and, as for myself, I, as her sole guardian can resign her to my friend with the most unhesitating confidence. And now, Sir, will you accompany me home! or shall I still inform the ladies that you have an intolerable head-ache."

The lover ceases to excite our interest, the moment we behold him sailing on a quiet sea; and the spiritual communion of kindred souls, however fraught with deep and impassioned emotion, becomes vapid in description, like the sublimated preparation of the Alchymist, evaporating by exposure to the air. We will, therefore, pass with all reasonable brevity, over the events that immediately followed. Our readers will take it for granted, that Mordington required no further solicitation. His avowal to Emma, and the half extorted confessions of reciprocal love, that confirmed his aspiring hopes, we leave to the imagination of kindred spirits. Suffice it that the season of probation wore away; and the enraptured Mordington received, in the presence of a few select friends, the trembling vows of a being dearer to him than light, and pure as its softest beam. As the binding ceremonial was finished, he led his blushing bride to his venerable parent. "My father, receive and bless your daughter!" The old man pressed her lovely form to his bosom. "Fairest and truest of the daughters of earth may thy glowing cheek escape the withering touch of sorrow, and the light of thy radiant eye remain unclouded! and he to whom thou hast consecrated thy perfect loveliness, may he indeed prove worthy of thy trust, and cherish with assiduous care, the blossoms of affection. Thy cup of happiness oh! Arthur, is now fraught with love, friendship, wealth, yes even wealth, for it is now time my son, to rend the happy veil of delusion. The splendid expectations of your earlier years threatened to blight the embryo virtues of your character. The energies of your mind were weakened and contaminated by licentious associations, from whom I vainly sought to estrange you. You mistook the lures of flattery, for the hallowed voice of friendship; and the pleasures, for those of happiness. Long and vainly I strove to rouse you from the fatal illusion; and, as a last resource, I at length determined to remove you from the sickly atmosphere of wealth, to the rugged, but beautiful cliffs of poverty. A distant friend assisted me in the arrangements, and my scheme was thus secured from the possibility of detection. You know the result. Those in whom you trusted, threw aside the mask of flattery, and the visions of love and friendship dissolved. Your mind was at once restored to its native vigour, and you became capable of distinguishing the true from the

false gems of the heart. You have found them of peerless value. Requiring no reflection, from your light, to give them splendour, they have thrown a mental radiance on the darkness of our path. Treasure them in the holiest recesses of your heart. To-morrow the mansion, long destined for your future abode, will be ready for your reception: the deeds are already prepared that make you the master of boundless wealth. I trust it will no longer be found to depress the higher and nobler aspirations of the soul: You can now no longer regard it as the only efficient source of happiness or honour. Relying on the resources of wealth, you obtained but false and fleeting enjoyments:—Deprived of its fictitious aid, you have secured, by the unwavering performance of high practical duties the purest and richest reward assigned by all bounteous Heaven to the possessor of industry, virtue and intelligence.

J. E.

### BIOGRAPHY.

"Of man, what see we but his station here."

#### Thomas Addis Emmet, Esq.

Mr. Emmet was born at Cork, April 24th, 1764—His father was a physician, of great practice and reputation, and resided at Dublin—and Mr. E. after receiving a liberal education, devoted himself to the study of medicine. After passing sometime at Edinburg, he visited the schools of the Continent, and returned to Dublin, having made all the acquisitions, which unremitting labour and a vigorous mind could achieve at that period of life. We believe, however, that Mr. Emmet practised but little;—the death of an elder brother, who even in this talented family was pre-eminent, changed his determination, and gave a direction to his future fortunes, and laid the foundation of his future fame. Dr. Emmet wished him to embrace the profession of his deceased brother, and he immediately entered into its studies with an ardour proportioned to his future success. Called to the bar, he was immediately distinguished among his cotemporaries, and might have looked to the highest honours of his profession, had he squared his politics with his interest.—Becoming the associate and friend of Curran, O'Connor, and Grattan and Keogh, he espoused the cause of Ireland—a cause which at last brought his brother to the scaffold; and he was one of the executive committee of united Irishmen in the memorable rising of 1798—and was actively engaged in the organization of that society and plan for revolutionizing Ireland. Such was then his reputation at the Bar, that he was invited to the important office of defending Archibald Hamilton Rowan, which he declined from the best motives, and yielded that task to the firmness and fearless devotion of Curran. He was soon called to experience the fate of his client

—and with M'Neven and many others, he was imprisoned in the jail at Dublin, on a charge of high treason. After remaining here for some months without any overt act charged against him, overtures were made by the government to him and the other prisoners to detail the plan of the intended revolution, and the names of those implicated in it, as the price of their release. The proposition was rejected with indignation, as a reflection on their honor. Dr. M'Neven and Mr. Emmet were the committee who received the offer. The prisoners were then removed to Fort George, in Scotland, and thus the bonds which bound Mr. Emmet to a father, a gallant brother, and an affectionate sister, were severed forever. After two more years of lingering captivity, Mr. Emmet was released, and passing to France, he sought in her sunny skies oblivion of past sufferings, and the reparation of a shattered constitution.

In 1804 he found a resting place in New York, and soon won his way to popular favour and professional reputation, and helped, by his matchless eloquence, to add another triumph to the universality of Irish talent. He first distinguished himself here in defending some fugitive slaves, and astonished his audience by the ardour of his enthusiasm and the novel excellence of his manner. He held for a short time, in 1812 and 13, the office of Attorney General of this state, but soon resigned the appointment, and never after sought or occupied a public station.

Simple and unostentatious in his private life, Mr. E. devoted his whole soul to his profession, midnight vigils too often followed the severe labours of the forum—and no client ever complained that the merits of his case had not been perceived and sustained. His knowledge was profound—his researches to his last moments unremitting. He possessed a mind of extraordinary comprehension, and the strongest and most extensive powers of analysis—he enjoyed the secret of identifying himself with his case, and adding a sort of personal interest to his professional obligation. Endued with a brilliant imagination, fortified with accurate and discriminating views of English history, enriched with all the fruits of various knowledge, and blessed with a noble enthusiasm—he appeared at the bar, the very model of a learned, accomplished, and eloquent lawyer.

Mr. Emmet was seized with apoplexy on Wednesday [Nov. 14] while engaged in the Circuit Court of the United States, in that important case, commonly called the Sailor's Snug Harbour—being an action by the heirs of the late Capt. Randall, to recover a fund of about 350 000 dollars, bequeathed by that gentleman for the purpose of building an asylum for that valuable class of men. For two weeks previously he had been constantly employed in defending Lieut. Percival on a charge of extortion, and in the great cause of Mr. Astor,



involving his right to lands in Putnam county to the amount of perhaps 800 000. In the former case he defended his client with all his accustomed vigour and ability, and the result was a verdict of acquittal—in the latter, he addressed the jury in a style of animated eloquence, of prompt and overwhelming retort, and of powerful argument, which was said by many of his audience to have even surpassed his earlier efforts.

Mr. Emmet was insensible from the moment he was taken until his death, which took place a few hours afterwards. He fell a martyr to his deep sense of professional duty to his clients, and to the constant labour and excitement of the last two weeks. The severe fatigues of the day, were to him a prelude merely to the long, wearisome and protracted investigations of the night.—*N. Y. Albion.*

### MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,  
"In pleasure seek for something new."

*The Sleeper Cured.*—A few years since, an aged clergyman in the western part of this county, speaking of the solemnity attached to the ministerial office, said, that during the whole term of forty or fifty years that he had officiated therein, his gravity had never but once been disturbed in the pulpit. On that occasion, while engaged in his discourse, he noticed a man, directly in front of him, leaning over the railing of the gallery, with something in his hand which he soon discovered to be a huge quid of tobacco just taken from his mouth. Directly below, sat a man, who was in the constant habit of sleeping at meeting, with his head leaned back, and his mouth wide open. The man in the gallery was intently engaged, raising and lowering his hand, and taking an exact observation, till, at length having got it right, he let fall the quid of tobacco, and it fell, plump into the mouth of the sleeper below!—The whole scene was so indiscribably ludicrous, that, for the first and last time in the pulpit, an involuntary smile forced itself upon the countenance of the preacher. The unexpected intrusion of so unpalatable a mouthful, awoke the sleeper, and he was never known to indulge in that practice afterwards.—*Mass. Spy.*

*A rare patrimony.*—A young man of Nuremberg, (says the Journal of that city,) who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family, where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer agreed; but the father of the young lady, who loved money, immediately asked what property the young man had. The lawyer said he did not exactly know but he would inquire. The next time he saw

his young friend, he asked him if he had any property at all. No, replied he. Well said the lawyer, would you suffer any one to cut off your nose, if he should give you \$20 000 for it? [What an idea!] Not for all the world! 'Tis enough replied the lawyer; I had a reason for asking. The next time he saw the girl's father he said, I have inquired about this young man's circumstances; he has indeed no ready money; but he has a jewel, for which to my knowledge, he has been offered and he refused, 20,000 dollars. This induced the old father to consent to the marriage; which accordingly took place; though it is said, that in the sequel she often shook the jewel.

*Anecdote—A Fact.*—Not long since, in South Carolina a clergyman was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating at some length on the awful consequences of disobedience to the Divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder, that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "and are there any Jonahs here?" There was a negro present whose name was Jonah; and thinking himself called on, immediately rose and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with his broadest grin, and best bow, very readily answered, "*Here be one massa.*"

### SUMMARY.

A newspaper has just been commenced in Boston entitled "The Evening Bulletin," published daily by J. H. Howe & Co.

The Rev. George Croly's interpretation of the Apocalypse is just published by the Messrs. Carvill, at New-York. Croly's rich and beautiful poem "*The Angel of the World*," first established his reputation as a man of genius, and this new work, is said by the London critics, to be one of the most curious and ingenious literary productions of the day.

Mr. Coale, of Baltimore, is about to publish a Remembrancer of Events from the creation down to the present time. It is to be entitled the "*Tablet of Memory.*"

The "*Eloquence of the United States*," a work in five octavo volumes, edited by Professor Williston, of Middletown, Conn. has just been published.

The amount received this year by the collector of the canal toll at Albany, 150,244 dollars, being 30,000 dollars more than last year.

### MARRIED,

At the Friends Meeting house in Chatham, on the 29th ult. Mr. Matthew Coffin to Miss Lydia Hate.

At Athens, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. J. Prentiss Mr. James Dillanay to Miss Rhoda Kelly; Mr. Edward Dillanay to Miss Sally Hovey; Mr. Robert Kelder to Miss Cynthia Dillanay.

### DIED,

In this city, on Saturday last, Mrs. Caroline Morrison, in the 23d year of her age.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. Abi Blakeman, in the 32d year of her age.

At his residence, in Canaan, Conn. on the 27th ult. Samuel Forbes Esq. aged 98 years.

At Catskill, on Sunday the 9th inst. Mr. Richard Field, joint editor of the Catskill Recorder, aged 29 years.



## POETRY.

### STANZAS

*On the death of Thomas Addis Emmet.*

He came from the land which oppression o'ershaded—  
Green Erin—that gem on the breast of the sea—  
'Twas his home, and his pride, till her liberties faded,  
And tyranny's sword shed the blood of the free :  
A lone pilgrim, he came o'er the dark waves of ocean,  
An asylum to seek in the clime of the west ;  
With a heart deeply rived, where it glowed with devotion  
He sought on our shores for a haven of rest.

While his memory sighed o'er the friends that had perished—

O'er the loved one who sunk in his youth to the tomb,  
His soul would look back to the hopes it had cherished—  
Alas! they were crushed in the hour of their bloom !  
But time that can brighten the gloom of dejection,  
As it passed o'er his brow, left it calm and serene ;  
Like the lake which again smiles with heaven's reflection  
When the storm has gone by that had darkened the scene.

The mighty in talent are thronging and listening,  
As they eagerly press through those towering halls ;  
And high hearts are throbbing—and bright eyes are glistening—

While the deep thrilling sound of his eloquence falls ;  
And many have gathered—conviction hath hearkened,  
To accents that poured like a torrent of flame ;  
But the light of his eye in a moment is darkened !—  
Like the warrior he falls, on the field of his fame !

Ah, Erin !—sad Erin !—thy children are weeping—  
The star which they gazed on so proudly, has set !  
In death's marble silence their great ONE is sleeping—  
But his grave with the tears of a nation is wet :  
No sculptured memorial may rise to his glory—  
O'er the spot of his rest a cold trophy to stand ;  
But thy name, mighty EMMET ! will shine bright in story,

While honour and worth are revered in our land. P.

### FROM THE NEW-YORK MIRROR. MISERIES OF AN ACTOR.

Troubled and sad was a lone actor's look,  
As swift to the *play house* he hurried ;  
And the lamp that shone on the path which he took,  
Plainly showed the poor *brother* was flurried,  
The stroke of the clock, as it fell on his ear,  
Thrilled his heart, for too long he had tarried ;  
So onward he hastened, while swift in his rear  
Came a boy, and a *bundle* he carried.

As he crossed o'er the *stage*, no word did he speak—  
For loud the *last music* was playing ;  
And he knew very well at the *end of the week*  
How much it would cost for delaying.

One look at the *green-room*, the *brothers* were there—  
All ready in costume assembled ;  
A moment, ye gods ! he exclaimed in despair,  
As he thought of to-morrow and trembled.

His room he has gained—no *dresser* is near,  
And loudly and fierce is he bawling ;  
When hark ! from below a voice strikes his ear—  
And he knows that the *prompt-boy* is calling.

Then he tore off his clothes with a maniac's speed,  
While still was the *curtain-bell* ringing ;

And he shrieked out aloud for the *costumer* MEAD,  
At the moment the play was beginning.

The *costumer* came, and he slipped on his vest—  
And with *trunks* and a *girdle* he bound him ;  
There he stood, a forlorn one half dressed,  
With a velvet cloak around him.

At the *wing* did he pause, for he'd made the *stage wait*  
And the *prompter* had marked he was missing ;  
Then he knew very well, for the *cue* he was late—  
And the *pit* and the *gallery* were *hissing*.

So he rushed on the stage in dread and dismay,  
With his glances on either side turning ;  
For a moment he stood, at a loss what to say,  
By the flame in the *foot-lights* burning.

Then he stammered few words in fear and affright,  
While his heart was o'erflowing with sorrow ;  
And he thought all the while, how *critiques* of to-night  
Would read in the papers to-morrow.

His *costume* was mended, his *dressing-room* gained,  
And he sought to get his hopes flowing ;  
In his bottle, alas ! but a few drops remained,  
And he felt that his *spirits* were going.

But his wants once supplied, how altered his mien,  
Again "he's himself," as the "hero of story ;"  
And then you might see how he walked o'er the *scene*,  
In the midst of *gas-light* and "glory."

The play was long passed—but his supper not done,  
When the clock told the hour for departing ;  
And he knew by the watchman the morn had begun—  
Each *brother* for home in silence was starting.

Slowly and sadly, he paused at his door,  
The latch with a *night-key* turning ;  
Then yawning he went to his attic once more,  
By the lamp in the passage burning.

Ah, little he recks of his cares that are gone,  
When sleep on a mattress has laid him ;  
So there let him rest, till the *call boy*, next morn,  
Wakes him up from the bed his *landlady* made him.  
T.

## ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,  
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

*Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.*

PUZZLE I.—Winter, Adams, Sleep, Hero, Isaac,  
Noah, Grave, Temple, Octavius, Nimrod. The initials  
of these give the name of Washington.

PUZZLE II.—Letter E.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Once in a year I'm sought with care,  
And one whole year I'm trusted ;  
But when one year is out you are  
With my advice disgusted.

II.

Why is the state of Kentucky like France ?

## NOTICE.

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